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Summary: Takes place after episode 20 of Riders of Berk.

Mildew-centric. The former town complainer reflects and comes to a surprising revelation. Apology for OOC-ness inside author's note.

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He had had enough of dragons for one day.

Mildew snorted in his little room. What a thing to think when he was on Outcast Island, which was teeming with wild dragons.

Even more so when the man in charge of the place, Alvin the Treacherous, was ordering all of them to connect with the dragons so that they would be able to use them to attack Berk.

Berk.

Mildew's former home. He held no affection for that island, even before the dragons started living among them. To him, it was simply a place he lived, nothing more. His house, his wives (all three of them), even his cabbages were just part of the island, nothing more. The only reason he might have stayed behind was for his sheep, particularly the lamb (his lamb), Fungus.

Sheep, Mildew knew as he ran a hand over the lamb's coat, were extremely useful.

Their wool could be fashioned and used for clothing, their meat and milk for food, and they weren't the worst company either. Even now, the old viking could remember back then when he was a teenager, helping his grandfather herd in the sheep, looking after them in the pastures, sheering their wool off, helping bring in the new lambs from their mother's wombs, and almost tearing up when a sheep had to be put down, whether from disease or because they simply wouldn't be used for anything else but meat.

He also remembered when he first met Fungus, a tiny little lamb just being taken out of his mother's stomach. Unfortunately, the mother couldn't make it.

Poor girl, Mildew thought almost sadly, remembering the dead sheep. It was not only sad, it was such a waste. She still had years ahead of her, good wool and milk to use and meat if it came to it.

Still, he took care of them very well. His grandfather taught him all he needed to know to take care of the sheep and ensure their well-being.

Another reason to hate the dragons; they stole his sheep, cutting off their lives and taking them away to who knows where! He only had one left, and that was Fungus.

For the life of him, Mildew couldn't understand how the other vikings accepted the dragons so easily. And he couldn't make anyone else see it from his point of view because when ever he brought it up, he was constantly reminded of the Green Death and the Night Fury who saved Stoick's boy.

Hiccup.

The literal embodiment of a runt, was the whole reason dragons came to live on Berk and ruin what little peace Mildew had in his life. The reminder of how nearly all of his sheep were taken from him was now not only constant, but wouldn't leave him alone either. One even destroyed his roof!

He had to get the others to see why the dragons couldn't stay. He had to. He couldn't be only one who saw what was wrong with having those things all around!

But every single time, something would happen that turned around the situation and in the space of an hour, the dragons would be back on Berk, as if nothing had ever happened.

That's why he went to Alvin. If he couldn't get ride of the dragons, he at the very least would get rid of the one responsible for the whole thing. And he would relish in seeing it happen.

It was spiteful, it was clearly pathetic, but Mildew simply didn't care anymore. Not after seeing the only things, or anything for that matter, he could honestly say he cared for, was stolen away from him so many times before.

He tricked the boy and the dragon with the notes and map and with that, they were heading back to Outcast island. He gained the boy's trust, he showed him how to gain a dragon's.

Was it really so simple, Mildew had wondered, _to gain trust in such a way from those monsters?_

The boy led his hand, palm outwards to the Nadder, until the rugged skin met the rough leather hide. The eyes looked back at him before closing and soft rumble resonated in the dragon's throat. It was then something clicked inside Mildew.

He had not only seen this many times, he had done this many times before, just not on dragons.

His grandfather would do this to new sheep brought in, to show that they were safe or at least not panic and spend the rest of the night baying away loudly enough to keep the whole village up. The same would be done to the new-born lambs; he had even done it to Fungus, when he was still covered in blood and his mother's water.

So when he clung onto the Nadder's tail, readying himself for the last part of his current act, he said, perhaps the only, truthful thing that wasn't with malice of complaint.

"Tell the boy I'm sorry."

He fell from the Natter and back down onto the ground, his fall broken by the trees. When they had gone, Alvin came over with his men and Mildew had the information ready.

And so, he showed Alvin how to gain one of dragon's trust, specifically the Whispering Death's trust, who had a very familiar tooth-mark on it's hide. It gave the same soft rumble in it's throat as the Nadder did. Alvin was clearly pleased and soon, the rest of the men followed his example.

Some were even becoming so chummy with the dragons, they went so far as to apologizing for the conditions they were kept in.

Fungus then peered up at him, baaing softly. Mildew's brow furrowed.

Even if it had only been an act, he had been honestly apprehensive when Alvin took away Fungus. For a moment, however brief, he was certain that Alvin was seriously considering hurting Fungus. So when he said that his dinner would be lamb, it was all the old man could do not to break down.

He wouldn't put Fungus through something even remotely similar to that again, even if it meant not getting what he wanted.

At that, Mildew heard a scuffling outside his make-shift hut. He knew it wasn't one of Alvin's men, their visits would be marked by either a heavy knocking, loud yell or the door being torn off its hinges.

Mildew had already repaired the door no less than three times in the span of a week.

The old man grabbed his spear and cautiously made his way to the door, Fungus clutched to his side. His hand grasped the door handle and then-

BAM!

He threw it open and waved his spear threateningly, only for it to be caught in a mouth full of sharp teeth. Then for a long tongue to slurp up the side of his face. Mildew looked at the intruder fully, only to meet yellow eyes with a black split down the middle.

It was the Nadder from before.

Mildew couldn't help heaving a sigh of relief. He really couldn't get accustomed to Alvin or his men or (and especially) the wild dragons. Which was hilarious because one was right in front of his, licking his face like a child with rock candy.

He finally got free and thudded onto the rock floor, wiping the dragon saliva off his face. The Nadder looked at him with a soft expression (if it could be called that), an almost cooing sound coming from its throat now.

"You know, I was only doing it to use the boy," Mildew said as he picked up his spear.

The Nadder cocked its head at him, still making that noise.

"And I don't need you around, so go on!" Mildew waved his spear at the Nadder, only for it to latch onto it and shake Mildew like a doll.

Fungus looked at the Nadder, surprisingly calm in the situation. The Nadder looked back. Mildew noticed and quickly hid the lamb behind his back.

"Don't even think about it," he growled, real anger starting to rise.

The Nadder simply looked at him and back off, seeming to understand that the sheep wasn't to be eaten. Then it flew off. Mildew gave a short sigh of relief at that and went back into his hut. Fungus baaed softly and went off into his little bed that Mildew had made out of softened dragon hide.

Mildew was about to go to his bed when he heard the same scuffling outside. He groaned and opened the door again, revealing the Nadder.

"What do you want?! I said go away!" he snapped.

The Nadder simply approached him. Then, a choking noise came from its throat and a second later, the Nadder regurgitated half of a fish in front of Mildew.

Mildew stared at the cod. He had seen the Night Fury do this, as well as the other dragons, with their respective riders before. Was... was the Nadder attached to him?

"Er-" Mildew looked at the dragon, who kept eyeing him with the same expectant look that every single one of his wives gave him when they had made him a new dish and expected him to try it.

It was only the fear of bodily harm that made Mildew bite into the fish, chew it, swallow it, and actually keep it down instead of throwing it away or up like he should have. It was only because he didn't want to get stuffed full of needles that he held his palm to the Nadder and stroked its snout the same way the boy had showed him/

Maybe.

* * *

><p>Today(326/13), I caught up on the Dragons: Riders of Berk episodes I had missed. I really enjoyed them all.

Memorable moments being:

Toothless choosing to save Hiccup over his grudge with the Whispering Death (creepiest dragon ever).

The intro of Dagar the Deranged and making Stoic act not-stoic, as well as Ruffnut and Tuffnut's character depth.

Snoutland saving Hiccup.

Hiccup's mother's present.

Fishleg's standing up to Snoutland.

What especially got to me was Mildew getting to know the Natter.

I know it's only wishful thinking (maybe) that Mildew might bond with the Natter (no, I haven't forgotten it flew off with Gobber), but this sprang out anyway. As someone who used to love a kitten named Skip and had to watch her being driven away to be given to complete stranger, I think I can say that the person that Mildew is, is someone who could care less about people, even if he's married to them, but would give his full care to an animal, this being Fungus.

For any OOC-ness, I apologize. And I'm working on Fullmetal Geass.

Reviews and opinions are appreciated!

But hate will be shunned.

End
file.